

**A good workman needes neuer want worke.**

If this be true, heres a parcell of ten,  
All lustie able well qualified men,  
That Scarfe haue their equals to eate, drinke, and sleepe  
And some are farr better to hang then to keepe.

To the tune of the nine maids.



**Y**et that good houses keepe  
and would good seruants hire,  
With proper men to eate and sleepe,  
He furnish your desire,  
By some experience hath.  
(in a month or little more)  
Trey'd all that's mention'd underneath  
in number halfe a score,  
Marke how they stand in Rancke  
All lusty able men, (want,  
Then you who doe good workmen  
come take your choyse of ten.

Come hither Tospot Tom,  
thou art the first in place,  
This fellow will not stay at home  
abouten homes space,  
Hale at the alehouse stay,  
from breakfast time till dinner  
from thence till supper heell be away,  
by this I was a winner.  
O this was one of my men,  
the chiefe of halfe a score,  
All you who want good workmen then  
take choyse among my store.

The next was Ketchgutt Ralph,  
right heire to Wood of Kent,  
A pearceling pigg or else a Calfe  
his Romack will content,  
With eight and fifty Egges  
a lenten meale hole make,

And yet hee looks like one that begs,  
so leane as any Rake.  
O this was one of my men  
the chiefe of halfe a score,  
You who do want good workmen then  
take choyse among my store.

The third was Slippery Will,  
his trade he made not learne,  
I had two maids and with his skill  
he got them both with barme,  
And two more in the tolane,  
all in a fortnights space,  
The like of him was selborne knowne,  
He's of a breeding race.  
O this was one of my men,  
the chiefe of halfe a score,  
You who do want good workmen then  
take choyse among my store.

The fourth was desperate Dicke,  
good lase his shirt at dice,  
Besides he hath another trick,  
which hee esteemes no vice,  
What enoe he can get  
by cozening or by stealing  
or running into honest mens debt,  
hee counts it lawfull dealing.  
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The second part To the same tune.



The fifth was Sam a thresher,  
the best I ere did keepe  
Hee worke foure houres every day,  
and the rest hee spend in sleepe.  
If any did him blame,  
For taking so much paines,  
Hee would make answer to the same  
how can I thers when't ragines.  
O this was one of my men,  
the cheife of halfe a score,  
You who doe want good workemen then  
take choyse among my store.

The sixth was Cogging Warr  
he w'd to lye and flatter  
And Gossip-like hee'd paze and chat,  
of what it made no matter.  
What ere his fellows said,  
(though hee wou'd them in scorn)  
The tel-tale Rascall more on't made,  
And that's a good gift you know.  
O this was one of my men,  
the cheife of, &c.

The seventh was Kir the Butcher  
for him his sweet heart maures,  
Hee dyde a sheepe or a Bullock well,  
and gine to his friends the houres.  
Of all I ere knew in my life,  
hee was a pretty youth,  
Hee'd with his candell looke his knife,  
when hee had it in his mouth.  
O this was one of my men  
the cheife, &c.

The eighth was George the Groome,  
a seruant good and able,  
Because he would not wear out his hoom,  
hee neuer swept the stable.  
His prouidence was such,  
to show his honest care,

Hee'd neuer curry the horses much,  
for feare they should lose their haire.  
O this was one, &c.

The ninth was painefull Pierce,  
my honest Husbandman,  
All his good qualities to rehearse,  
is more then now I can.  
But one thing of great note,  
I here (alone) will tell (roast,  
Because my henpe should take deepe  
hee cast it in the well.  
O this, &c.

The tenth and last was Ned,  
the bailiffe of my land,  
Whose tenants that his hony fed,  
he dealt with vnder hand.  
For bybes and priuate gifts  
heede let out leases cheape,  
Now Judge my matters by these gifts,  
what benefit I might keape.  
O this was, &c.

Imagine now my friends,  
you to a place are come.  
Where halfe a score good fellows stand  
within a little roome,  
And all doe seruitie crame,  
then doe not them refuse,  
As keepe them I no liking haue,  
if I can any way chuse.  
O these are my braue men,  
in number halfe a score,  
You who doe want good workmen then,  
take choyse among my store.

FINIS. M. P.

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